

Felix Dahn (1834-1912)

The Mothers Welcome to her returning Sailor-Boy.

Welcome on shore again,
Welcome once more again,
 Harry, my boy!
Now all the care and fear,
5 Haunting me year and year,
 Melt into joy!

Oft, when the thunder growled,
Oft, when the nighthwind howled
10 Round my safe Hall,
Then I thought of my child,
Tossed by the Ocean's wild
 Rising and fall.

15 Oft, when the stars did shine,
O how my soul would pine
 For my blithe boy:
Now God our Lord be praised,
Who my fond prayers graced
20 Richly with joy.

Calm stood my son and brave
On the tremendous wave
 Of the fierce sea:
25 Lo, now he save and sound
Stands on his native ground:
 Welcome to thee!

Now for a long, long rest
30 In the old eagle's nest
 Stayst thou with me:
Knowst thou, where rest is best?
Come to thy mother's breast
 And thou wilt see!
(141 words)

Quelle: <https://www.projekt-gutenberg.org/dahn/gedichte/gdda4c61.html>